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## APRIL.



My love is a maiden, so fair and so meek,  
Deep red, like the rose, is the blush of her  
cheek,  
O'er all she is victor and great is her fame,  
Like gold are her tresses, and April's her  
name.

Those eyes of deep blue will ever be true,  
And lips like the ruby—they kindle anew  
The flame of my ardor, the light of my soul,  
My love and my lady's the angels extol.

Her life is all pleasure, she's false to no one,  
Each task will be finished by April begun;  
Each promise fulfilled that April has made;  
Her life is all sunshine, no sorrows nor shade.



Her raiment is spotless, so pure and white,  
Her soul is as perfect in heaven's clear light,  
Her form and her beauty fair Venus surpass;  
She's queen in the kingdom of laddie and lass.

I dream of a dwelling exceedingly fair,  
With halls that, resounding in echoes declare  
That, though they are narrow and darkened  
and bare,  
The hut is a mansion if April is there.



Volume II.

April 25, 1906.

Number 7.

### STAFF.

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## Editorial.

Spring at this writing "seems," in the words of our old friend, Foxy Quiller, "to have arrived," and is very welcome. To breathe soft airs again, to see the sprouting of green things and to even loaf a little, seems inexpressibly good after three months of Winter's dull grind. What seems much better, however, is to view once more athletic activity on Lehigh Field. The old battle ground has blossomed not only figuratively, but literally. Its annual Spring crop of base ballists, lacrossers and trackites put forth the first green shoots of energy with the advent of warmer weather and crop reports indicate enormous development along all lines.

The output this year from a superficial glance seems mighty good. In base ball, the bunch is fast by reputation and speedy by demonstration. The squad is made up of willing and hard-working candidates, who are out for scalps. The preliminary work has shown earmarks of one of the best teams Lehigh has ever had, especially so in batting, the whaling of the horsehide threatening to take the Bethlehem Steel Plant as its limits.



## THE LEHIGH BURR.

The lacrosse squad has been in evidence long enough to be well known to everyone. Toned up by the hard winter's practice, the men are getting down to the fine points of the game and distributing black eyes and bruises impartially. The team promises to be a husky one, and, with the nucleus of last year's nerry players, visions of championship are beaming merrily.

But the most impressive thing about both squads, is the personality of the coaches. Coach Coogan has struck us as a man who knows the national game from "Play Ball" to the "Side's Out." He has announced himself as pledged to give every man a square deal and we believe he will do it. He has been building from the foundation up and above all, the men are with him; a great factor for making the team a success when the real work opens. Coach Humphreys has forcibly shown he knows the right thing to do in the right place, and he has been doing it ever since his arrival. He has become one of us already and the men swear by him. Both men are strenuous to the limit; and if the spirit already infused by them in their respective squads is any indication of what is to come, the apathy of former years will seek the tall timbers in a hurry and fur will fly in the base ball and lacrosse contests.

Good luck to both teams! The University is with them. And we're putting up all our loose change that if the streak of Lehigh luck (?) tries to get gay with the Lehigh teams this year, it will be pretty badly dented in the mix-up.

\* \* \*

The college meeting of March 30 was about the lustiest the university has had for many moons. It was notable not only on account of the amount of important business, but because of the speed of its transaction. That many long-crying wants were filled was self-evident. The movement to eliminate shystering from the athletic teams of following years on the part of the wearers of "L's" or insignia; the vesting of more power in the Arcadia and the addition to it of more class representation, making it a truly representative student body; the deciding to sing the Alma Mater at chapel once a month were good things and should be pushed along. The action in taking the athletic representative away from the Freshmen, however, savors too much of the principle of "taxation without representation," seeing that this class will pay in the future at least one-third the athletic fees of the student body. Less haste in deciding so important a matter as this would have been a good deal better than the light-hearted way the question was dealt with. Such an action sets a dangerous precedent for future questions equally grave if not more so, and one which may lead to many unfortunate results.

\* \* \*

President Drinker's remarks at the same college meeting will surely be seconded by every true Lehigh man. Our aim should be to govern ourselves in such a way that the reputation of Lehigh can only be increased by it. The trouble at the Sophomore banquet is to be especially regretted on this account and, once settled, college affairs of the future should show more discretion. A reputation for rowdyism is not an enviable one, and for Lehigh to be so dubbed would be a blot which would not easily come out. If we must have superfluous energy, for Lehigh's sake, use it to win athletic victories, not to smash hotels and trolley cars.



IN THE BUSINESS.

He—"Will you be mine?"

"She—"Your what?"

He—"My third."

### EASTER.

Easter is the principal festive event that lies between the joyous flight of the Supply Bureau bills and the last refuge before the June slaughter. At one time it was a religious festival in the halcyon, bedewed days of yore, but now it is the most conspicuous clothes-bearing and egg-masticating day we own.

Having for forty-odd days denied yourself the luxury of a square meal, entertainments and cuss, and had your feed served in bunches decorated with a pious, underdone tone of voice, and the shades pulled down, so you can enjoy them in peace, you now emerge from the gastronomic nightmare that surrounded you and, arraying yourself in an un-

paid tailor bill, step into the glare of the "fin de siècle."

It's a long lane that has no hotels, and Easter is the grand wind-up of a long, dry, dusty road of good intentions and hypocritical sackcloth.

### SPRING.

Bivalves now are on the wane,

Lovers now all seek the park.

And the boy from school will sneak.

Playing hooky for a lark.

Winter flannels soon we'll shake.

Patent medicine we'll try;

While the base and moth-balls will

Play tag with the cherry pie.

# Postals from a College-Made Son to a Home-Made Father.

---

DEAR FATHER:—Arrived on the campus this afternoon and was met by a large and enthusiastic reception committee. Have only a hazy idea of what followed, but seem to remember butting into an auto, juggling a locomotive and toying with some dynamite. Have collected the pieces by this time. Heard today they were most likely Sophs. Feel I have found my true sphere at last.

Your obedient son,

JIM.

P. S.—My clothes seemed to be all wrong, so ordered a new suit. Will send the bill.

DEAR PA:—This is a fierce joint. Why they actually expect you to study at night! I've been wondering if I really am fitted for the Mining Course. The fellows are quite sociable and not a bit stiff about going out with you. Will need a couple of V's for new books, so please hurry them up. Cut chapel this morning. Up late last night studying. Say, what's good for a dark brown taste? New suit's a peach. Ordered two more, bill on the way. Did you ever taste creme de menthe? It's great to settle the stomach.

Your son,

JIM.

P. S.—Am a bit doubtful about the aim of college life.

DEAR POP:—I was sure I couldn't be a Miner. Am a Mechanical Engineer now. Just think, they expected you to use a pick! Your views on the temperance question are way off. Beer is the great leveler. If we all drank it there would be no drunkards. Got away with ten bottles last night. Dead easy. Haven't been feeling well for the past week. Will lay off studying for a while. It doesn't do to mix drinks, does it?

Yours dizzily,

JIM.

P. S.—Lost sight of the purpose of college life on the second round.

DEAR DAD:—Excuse my keeping you waiting but have been indisposed. Were you ever to Allentown? Fine place! All sorts of razle-dazzle parlors. You're right about whiskey; it ought to be put down. I am awful glad we have Sunday to rest in after studying so hard all week.

Yours,

JIM.

P. S.—I don't believe college life has any purpose, do you?

DEAR PAPA:—Do you think a college fellow ought to get married? Met a lovely girl last night. She's older than I am, but what do a few years more or less matter? What allowance would you give us? Wire your answer.

Hastily yours,

JIM.

DEAR FATHER:—Never mind. It's all off. She threw me over for a Senior. She was only a college widow anyway. There are others. Am studying harder now. Do you like cigarettes? I don't; they're bad on the head. College life has no aim, it's a fake.

Your son,

JIM.

P. S.—What kind of tobacco do you think is the best? I like Plug Cut.

DEAR GOVERNOR:—College expenses have increased terribly and I guess my allowance won't hold out. By the way, did you ever play poker? Great game, isn't it? The Mechanical Course is no good. They expected you to fool with greasy old machines. Am a Civil now. You couldn't send me my next month's allowance, could you?

Yours disgustedly,

JIM.

P. S.—I think I have an inkling of the purpose of college life.

DEAR DAD:—How is everybody? Oh, how I long for the dear old place! Send me a hundred, will you? How is dear old Towser and mother? Just discovered a new form of



## THE LEHIGH BURN.

amusement called fussing. Am raising a crop of peaches. How's your luck?

Your loving son, JIM.

P. S.—Could the end of college life be woman?

P. S. 2.—Please don't forget the check.

DEAR POP:—Am quite played out. This is a slow place; nothing doing. Can't you get a second mortgage on the business? I'd like to buy an auto. Who wants to be a Civil and walk all over creation? The Classical Department is just lovely! Won't be home for vacation as a chum of mine has invited me to buck the tiger at Coney. Natural history is a valuable thing, isn't it? Fudge on the aim of college life!

Yours wearily, JIM.

P. S.—Will need a couple hundred to feed the animals. Please hustle it up.

DEAR FATHER:—I've had a mean trick played on me, so I quit college. The faculty actually expected me to take exams. Don't worry. Did you see the papers? Am running for Congress and have it cinched. Am sending by express my share of the rake-offs. Will be home as soon as I've bought up the opposition. Then I'll show you a little of life. Found out at last what college life is good for. Your obedient son, JIM.

COLOR BLIND.

Maid—"The collector for the Supply Bureau is here and says, he won't leave till he sees the color of your money."

Broque—"Well, tell him it's an invisible green to-day."

\* \* \*

WISE GUY.

Classicus—"I say Tipler, what's the Latin word for 'wink?'"

Tipler (of Maine, absentmindedly)—"Spiritus frumenti."

\* \* \*

UNEXPECTED.

Ada (furiously)—"How dare you kiss me without asking?"

Bob (unabashed)—"Don't you like occasionally to be surprised with a good thing?"

\* \* \*

A FINE POINT.

Hoppin—"Isn't it bad form for a gentleman to sit down before a lady does?"

CYNICUS—"Certainly; but under certain circumstances he has to."

\* \* \*

THREE'S A—

He—"I say, Miss Darling, let's go into the observatory? It must be a lovely place."

She—"It would be, only for the other couple there."



THEY'RE OFF.

# BY NIGHT.

"Hello, fellows!"

Bob Evans sat up from the divan on which he was lolling. Frank Goss stopped puffing his pipe. Ol. Burrows left off strumming the banjo on his knee. All three shouted a glad welcome.

"Hello, Bill," they cried, "Come in!"

"What's up?" asked Bill, dropping into a chair invitingly near and preparing to open fire on his "Missouri meerschaum."

"Nothing much," replied Evans. "We were just swapping stories and it was up to Goss."

"As I was saying when Bill came in," interrupted Goss, and began his tale.

It was an adventure of the vacation; a long day's fishing, a lonely road, a burly tramp, a refusal to give him any money.

"As I told him that," said Goss, "he whistled and from the bushes leapt a dark form which—"

There was a clatter and crash. The fellows stared at Bill in astonishment as he awkwardly stooped to pick up his pipe, in pieces on the floor.

"Pardon me, fellows," he said smiling painfully, "but please don't."

"Don't what?" asked Goss.

"Don't speak of dark forms."

"Why, what in —. See here, Bill, if this is a joke, it's a pretty poor—"

"I wish to heavens it was," said Bill slowly, laying the pieces on the table, "I wish it was."

There was a moment's silence. It was so strange. Bill, of all persons, to talk like that.

"Why, Bill—," began Evans.

"Thunder, old man, what's the trouble?" cried Goss and Burrows.

For a moment Bill hesitated.

"Fellows," he said shakily, "it's not much of a tale to tell, but the horror of it—"

He stopped involuntarily, as if shaken by a mighty emotion.

"I'll try to tell you," he continued after wiping his forehead nervously, "and then you'll understand."

"It was a far cry from here to Campeche, Central America, but imagine me there last summer, looking after some iron mines of the dad's. It was an uneventful trip and an uneventful round of inspections and I was frankly tired of the whole business."

"One day after a particularly dull trip, our little cavalcade was riding home when I happened to notice, as we passed through a dense thicket, at the bottom of a gentle slope, the cool gleam of stone from behind a curtain of vines. I involuntarily halted and tried to make out the building in detail."

"What building is that?" I asked, turning to our native guide, 'I never noticed it before.' "

"The native glanced to where I pointed, then shrugged his shoulders. He knew nothing. But I could have sworn he grew a shade paler. Before I could say another word, however, he had lashed our horses and the building was far behind us."

"Somehow that glimpse of the stone stuck in my mind. You know I always have had a failing for antiquities and here, apparently, was a find. Even after supper, as I lounged on the plaza and smoked, the mysterious building was before me.

"As I ruminated, my host joined me and we exchanged a few words. Then my mind reverted to the temple.

"By the way," I said, 'I passed a peculiar building to-day, evidently the temple of one of your old gods. It was about two miles outside town, just beyond the cross roads.'

"Not just before you crossed the river?"

"His voice fairly snook."

"'Why, yes,' I replied, 'can you tell me anything about it? The guide was very dense. I wanted to see it and he fled as if pursued by ten thousand devils.'

"'Heaven forbid, senor, cried the innkeeper, paling visibly, 'that you should see it. That is the temple of Tegucigalpa, dangerous for a native to enter but fatal for a foreigner to even approach!'

"'Pshaw,' I cried, 'you surely don't believe that?'

"'Assuredly. Too many terrible things have happened at this shrine. The god is fearful in his anger.

"'He is, is he?' I cried, a mad project forming in my brain. 'Well, he doesn't count with an American. By Jove, I'm going to visit his old temple to-night, and right now!'

"The innkeeper fell back in horror. I shouted for the hostler and issued rapid orders for a horse. My companion, recovered by this time, endeavored to dissuade me. But it was useless, I became more obstinate every moment and more so as a crowd of curious had collected about us. The news of my design passed like wild fire through the village and I saw more than one moving of the lips in silent prayer. My horse was brought up. I leaped to the saddle, shook off my host's detaining hand and amid a perfect chorus of groans and lamentations, thundered away.

"The moon was fiercely bright and the air intoxicating. For a time the exhilarating motion of my horse sent the blood coursing hot through my veins. But as I turned into the dense growth of the jungle, the heavy air and gloom of the curtaining plants pressed heavily upon me. A deep sadness, a feeling of melancholy crept over me as silently my steed pushed his way over the velvet undergrowth. The brooding mystery of the night wrapt a heavy spell about me until, as I burst forth upon the crest of the glade, an indefinable presence seemed to hover near. For be-

low me, its marble gleaming weirdly in the moon light lay the temple!"

Bill paused, and his hearers drew nearer, tense expectancy on their faces.

"I dropped from the saddle, then stopped. The scene was so sepulchral, the gloom so lugubrious, the glare of the dead stones so menacing, that awesome fear took possession of me. I was about to invade the temple of a god who inspired universal fear. After all, was he but a myth? Might there not, after all, be some fearful spirit lurking near the ruins?

"I shook myself angrily. Tying my horse, I sped down the slope and was at the entrance. There I drew a deep breath and plunged boldly into the frowning doorway. I was in the temple.

"An instant later I had lighted a candle, which I brought with me, and by its feeble rays, endeavored to see my surroundings.

"It was a wonderful, nay marvelous scene, an immense chamber opened its cavernous depths before me, a bewildering confusion of columns of fluted stone, a maze of passages and aisles was about me. Half hidden in a pall of shadows I could see here dimly, there in bold relief, strange designs, weird figures, fantastic outlines. Here strange gargoyles grinned; there loomed grotesque forms. The dust of ages lay deeply over all. Decay and death was in the air. I roamed and dreamed.

"Suddenly I felt, rather than heard a faint tremor, as though a breath had passed by me. My senses snapped into alert attention. My eyes swept the gloom, straining to see, my ears were stretched to the highest tension to catch the least sound. *I knew something was in the temple!*

"I heard it again, this time directly behind me. I wheeled like a flash just in time to see a shadowy form flit into the shadows behind a near column, when my fingers slipped and my candle fell to the earth extinguished. *I was alone in the dark with I knew not what!*"



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"Oh, the horror of that moment! All the ghastliness of the place surged over me. It was ages before I could even think. My senses reeled. My jaw dropped, my arms fell nerveless, my body stiffened rigidly, my heart pounded till its beat shook the gloom. As if chained, I stared and stared into that impenetrable darkness until my eyeballs were bursting.

"Then I heard it again! a faint hiss cutting the air. Again that sickening helplessness, that exquisite torture of waiting, that furious pounding of the heart. A sigh again. *It was approaching.*

"At the sound of that soft, insidious advance I tore the mood from me. My quivering nerves flew into a lightning-like response. I broke into a mad, unreasoning flight.

"Through that deadly gloom I tore in a panic, with ever the soft swish of It behind me. Pillar after pillar sent me reeling. Loose tiles struck and tripped me. Stifling clouds of dust assailed me. Fainting, gasping, shuddering, I scrambled on and on, in that interminable hell of darkness with the feel of It's claws ever on me, It's breath fanning my cheeks.

"I was spent, horribly. My breath no longer came. I tottered in one last effort, sick and broken, when suddenly a ray of distant light burst upon me. Somehow I had blundered out of that maze. *It was the entrance!*

"Oh, how I plunged for that blessed light. Sobbing, wild with desire, I reeled towards it, when a soft flit-flit sounded. A deeper hiss. A black, shapeless fury blotted the light from my eyes. I had time for one last gasp when It was upon me!

"Iron-like tentacles clutched my throat. Others beat down my feeble arms. Fiery eyes burned mine. A heated breath struck my face. I fell, felt a sharp beak bury itself in my throat. I gave one convulsive shudder and fell back—dead!"

"Dead!" cried his hearers.

"Yes, dead," said Bill. "It chewed off my head first, then my arm, then—"

Bill fled to the door amid a rain of everything his indignant hearers could reach.

"Oh, good-bye, good-bye!" he called as he slammed the door, chuckling loudly.

There was silence.

"Do you fellows see that?" suddenly asked Goss.

Evans and Burrows followed his finger, pointing to the calendar.

"April first!" they groaned in unison.



AS USUAL..

Son (home from college)—Here are some bills which I didn't pay.

Father—What did you do with that last check I sent you?

Son—Oh, that enabled me to leave town.

### IN THE SPRING.

Bill—Come on, let's take a walk in the country.

Jack—Can't, I've got to study my book on nature.

### THEN THE ROOF FELL.

"Yes, the coach is going to feed the base ball team onions, so is will be a strong team."

'Huh; he'd better let 'em eat hard-boiled eggs. They'd be hard to beat."

He—"I don't approve of these kissing games, do you?"

She (demurely)—"No. There is always such a crowd."

\* \* \*

DIDN'T BOTHER HIM.

"By the way, when does Easter come this year?"

"How should I know? I'm not in society."

\* \* \*

A GOOD PLAN.

He—"Then you won't kiss and make up?"

She—"Well, I won't make up."

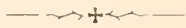
Geddle Sprig.

This eve within the garden wide,  
I'll sit and view Spring's glorious time,  
And, drinking in her beauties rare,  
Put them into immortal rhyme.

Methinks I hear the piping birds,  
The brooks a-babbling their lay;  
Can see the budding leaves and flowers,  
And lambkins in the fields at play.  
Oh, come, ye muses, while I sing  
A glorious round-de-lay to Spring!

(Later.)

Ker-chow! Oh by! Oh by! by head.  
Id burdidg wid—kerchew!  
Last ebe dhe birds, ad labbs, ad brooks,  
Were surely oud of view  
The idk froze id by fonddaid ped.  
By fidgers durred do blue.  
Ad as I dradk Sprig's beauties id  
I dradk pdeubodia doo,  
Ked-chew.!!!



MODERN JOURNALISM.

She met him at the door, trembling like a startled fawn.

"Papa," she faltered, "is furious because you kissed me in parting last night."

"Great Heavens, how did he discovered that?" cried the youth, paling."

"Oh, as luck would have it, he read the society news in the New York Squurnal this morning," she answered in a terrified whisper.

\* \* \*

A LOW DOWN TRICK.

Hadley—"You're engaged? Why, how did you get rid of your rival?"

Snubbs—"I had him appointed umpire in a base ball league and took the girl to see the first game."

\* \* \*

wow!

"I say, can February March?"

"No, but April May."

Miss April.

She's here,  
The dear  
Pride of the year,  
Bride of the year,

Miss April. ..

You'll know it.

The poet

Will lne her,

Will rhyme her,

Miss April. ..

The lover

Will hover

In fields and sigh,

And glance at sky,

Miss April. ..

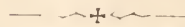
She'll laugh

And chaff,

Then dance away,

The madcap fay,

Miss April. ..



FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Curry—"I see Bob Robinson is carrying out the wishes of his father's will."

Berry—"What were they?"

Curry—"After his death, to scatter his dust to the four winds."

\* \* \*

THE LEHIGH BURR, \$1.25 a year.

# THE LEHIGH BURR.

## Spasmodically Put.

I do not swear ordinarily; I do not ruffle up my feathers and rack my brain for double distilled, double-leaded dashes wherewith to decorate my remarks.

I do not burst forth into a lurid eruption of impassioned utterances upon ordinary occasions.

BUT—

When I hear the merry rattle of the long-weight bill on short-weight goods from the Supply Bureau dropping into the letter boxes;



When I hear the class dues collector gayly prancing up the stairs;

When I hear the laundry pirate presenting his bill in the hall;

When I see the landlady's coldly calculating eye traveling from the calendar to my pocket-book;

When I hear the lab. fees and the board bills and the society dues adding themselves up;

When I hear and see all these and many other things—

And note the look of fiendish joy which suffuses the professors' faces as they pile on the quizzes;

When they draw me aside and murmur something concerning a five-dollar Re—

THEN—

Do I search the bright lexicon of my boyhood days for all the compound double-back-action cuss words I ever knew,

And use them to express myself on the world in general and the practice in particular of busting up the glad Easter tide with troubles to come.

And piling them upon troubles that are

tramping upon my heels from the past!

Yea, verily, then do I swear lustily and in an artistic manner.

Yea, Verily. <sup>3</sup>

You may growl a lot 'bout the horrible springs  
They have up Lehigh way.

You may pick out fifty-evelen things  
To make your life seem gray.

But whene'er you're inclined to grouchy feel,  
Whene'er it make you fret,  
Just thank your stars, that awful craze  
Called golf hasn't struck here yet.



## In the Golden Age.

An honest man entered a clothing store and accosted the proprietor, speaking thusly:

"Sir, I bought this suit of clothes of you. It had been marked down from fifteen dollars to \$8.50."

"Yes," replied the dealer, "I recognize the cloth and grieve to think I lost \$6.50 on that suit. But I had to get rid of them, for the quick lunch business on the other side."

"You warranted the dye and there has been no fading or crocking."

"Then what is the cause of thy complaint?"

"It is no complaint, oh clothier. It is after



I got miles away I found this ten-dollar bill in the pocket."

"A ten-dollar bill in the pocket of an \$8.50 suit," mused the clothier. "Here Ike, come forward and explain."

"I—I was tempted," said the trembling young man.

"So? Then it was you substituted a ten for a twenty and made this honest man a journey? Go, bring a new crisp ten and later on I will look into your case."

"I would not see him fired," said the honest man.

"He shall not be, but I will deduct it from his wages and humble him. I always give a twenty with an \$8.50 suit. Here is your extra ten, with many apologies. If you have been put to any expense remember all my eighteen dollar overcoats have been marked down to nine dollars, with a fifty-dollar bill placed in each pocket to close them out quickly and make room for a chicken-farm in the rear end of the store."

### An April Serenade.

Hark my tender serenade.

(Gad! The wind cuts like a knife);  
Waken from thy sleep, sweet maid.  
(This is tough, you bet your life!)

Ope thy lattice, dear, and see  
(Gee! That finger's frozen quite!)  
How I'm pining here for thee.  
(Does she think I've got all night?)

Just a sign that thou dost care,  
(Oh, for a good hot whiskey straight!)  
Send me from thy lips so fair.  
(How much longer must I wait?)

I will ever wait for thee  
(After all this, still no sign?)  
Come, oh come, my love to me!  
(What fell? Bricks? Way back for mine!)



AT THE EASTER MONDAY HOP.

Miss Peacharine—"And what did you give up during Lent, Mr. Hardicuss?"

Hardicuss (Lehigh, '07)—"My seat in chapel.

### Wise and Otherwise.

KER-RECT.

Professor (in Biology)—Now Mr. Flunkley, what is a ground hog?

Flunkley (who, as usual, hasn't gotten that far)—Why—er—sausage.

\* \* \*

RATHER.

"Did you hear the name of the new 'Mustard and Cheese' performance?"

"No, what is it?"

"The Baby: bound to be a howling success."

\* \* \*

Miss Pippin—"Oh, Mr. Clasper, where's your arm?"

Clasper—"Never mind my arm. I'll look for it when I want it."

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